

WORMS IN NEWPORT'S ROSE

Men Will Yacht and the Women Monrn.

SEASON NOW IN FULL BLAST

Mrs. Brice Gives a Dinner a Night and Others Follow Suit.

Newport, Aug. 15.-There are broken hearts at Newport. This 'fair city by the sea," this "sommer capital," this licitic of wealth" covers more snapped heart-cherds than it does millions of dollars. People here have no cares, no tender strucgies to bring them closer together; no selfdenials to make for each other-nothing but luxury is their let. And the canker of discontentment which ifeeds upon selfishness

grows great and keen. Cashor it dashes angrily against the sides of the great yachts; it rishes along the driveways, frightening the horses and making the faces of the dravers pale. It is a heart-break in the powerful family of Vanderbilt, and it will leave a sofrowful trail upon somety.

It is puthetics to see Mrs. Alva Smith Vanderbilt drive her team down Bellevie avenue with her children at her side; pathefic to see her take to ber yacht and cruis to Narraganaett or He along the coast for a day's owing; pathetic to see her enitting at the society which she has snumbed for twenty years, and thrice pathetic to know that she is elauning a great hall to which in order that she may judge from those who come and those who stay away just who ther friends and who side with the Van

It is sad to see the gay but fond Willie K. drive down the avenue; touching to see him giance toward Marble House, where his children live, and paralyzing to watch the approach as the two turnouts, his and the other, advance, pipost meet-and turn spite of their mother's gold gaze, turn eyes, askuner to see where papa-papa, whose very name has meant wonders of childish | relatives are in black for the girl who

BROKENI ONE HEART!

There is a heart being broken here, some where! And there are those who say it is the heart of Willy K. And that he love s his charming wife and should never have a word or deed to come between themf Gossip also says that it was the relatives upon the Woman's side of the house that made the trouble! And that they despised the Vanderbits because the ly rould not boost of an old ancestry. You may dress Willy up as much as you please, but he looks like only an under authy Southern sisters, amprily, as Willy K., with flushed face, whirled by in .

But there are other heart-breaks in New Men are scored. They are hanging around the New York Yacit Club square ron, trying their yachts; they are run ming up to Har Harbor on long cruising trips; they are golfing when they should be bearing, and the "matches" they should have made are blown to the breezes There has been just one very important engagement. But, as the word has not t been whispered aloud, it cannot be told, muse there's many a slip 'twixt the

"Yes" and the wedding. Commodore Gerry and his family are est beartily from Europe. They have a fad for entertaining on the Electra, which is a very beautiful yacht. Its decks are broad, and its dining-roon cool and light. The guests are the afternoon, and stay to dinner, and they come, not decollete, of course, but in very stylish yachting suits that are more niry than shipshape. They come in chiffon and crimps and they go home in draggles and damps; for the sea, the foam will took its spray in spite of the way In which the Gerrys try to cheat them into thinking they are not tossing against a yacht. "This is a bit of island, lighted by electricity, heated and cooled by steam and dynamos, and trimmed by frescoers and florists, you have no business here," they say to the waves, but the dinner table rocks just the same, and the only delightful thing about the Newport yacht dinners

their inforcality. People are going away soon to rest "for a Vacation." Newport base't been va-cation-like this year. To be sure, there are trees and grass and flowers, but it isn't the country. There is to very much dinner that wonderful Catifornia farm of hers, giving. Everybody gives a dinner or a and the diamond money goes largely into compact every night or a picuic in the morning. And it is worse than the town. J. J. Van Alen gives a bacycle picnic like i the curs of last year, at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Vina was bought in the days when Henry Chews has an "at home" at 4. the Stanfords were rolling in railroad. o'clock. Mrs. Van Alen gives a ball in the evening and Mrs. Calvin Brice drags. away thirty the diguests for a dinner 'twixt' "at howe" and bull .

To-morrow night the dance will be at Mrs. Clews', the dinner at the Brices' and the "at home" at the Astor villa, and the And so the days go by. Mrs. Calvin Brice. who is the social success of the senson, has dinner invitations out for every night until August 31, and Mr. Van Alen has conching or picme parties for every half day until September. It is awfully tiresome, so everybody says, but we shall "go to the ountry soon," meaning Lenox, where all

There is a next little woman here who makes her appearance and her living upon the strength of what she can do. She can keep a woman strong and pretty for all the dinners of the week and many a dance be-There is one hear-break here that lies sides. She does it by run baths, by giving right in the midst of all things. It clauss them highly spiced perfumes to smell, and is unharmonious chords in the concerns at | by little tonics for the stemach, cold jellies teaspoonful. She makes her headquarters at a fashionable hotel, and when a fifti entertainer "gives out" and cannot slip from the riding dress into the dinner gown without fainting from weariness, the French woman is sent for with her mixtures and her restorants. She never fails to land the beauty, pule and shaky, but calm and smiling, at the feast at the appointed time

Newport received its rail quota of broken hearts from the clubblouse matter. The dear old Casino is a little jealous of the new and exclusive clubbonse. The Casino dances, with their admittance fee, which any well-dressed person reight pay and be admitted, to see millions tripping with millions, have been Newport's attraction asino, seeing the disappointment of those who pay their dollar and see only a few people of whom they never heard, grieves or its old-time popularity. But the Casir as taken many a new lease of life, and next summer the Country Chibbonse will be all for the golfers and cyclists without monodizing the swell dancers.

OPENING BALLROOMS. What's going to be done about the Newport balls? So very many Newporters are in mourning. The Lawrences and their just died in Europe. Miss Fair can not quite go to a ball yet, the Astors are still little subdued from the death of Mr. Astors sister, and so who will be the dancers at the ball? The great ballrooms held a thousand, and Newport has only 400 before the mourners are taken out.

Society whispers a scandalized word about the sale of Mrs. Stevens' effects. Was it not pathetic? She who would never allow the het-pollot, of whom she stood in such distrest, to cross her threshold, to suffer the indignity after death of having all her little relies held up to their view and their pennies! her photograph! However did it happen get in with the basket of trifles offered in a job lot for sale! And how did her son's tennis racket, cherished for years, ever fall into the auctioneer's hands? But, ab, what matter! Her daughter, Mrs. Panet, who ordered the sale, was far away, and eves cannot do duty on two continents

There are whole hearts in Newport as well as broken ones. It would surprise the croakers against great wealth to know how aweet, and unaffected some of rich girls who would be prizes for kings They have grace sufficient to enrich a poor man's hearth, even though they brought no gold with them. The quiet dignity of Miss Gammell about whom so much is said; the thoughtfulness of the Vanderbilt cousins, one pretty and the other a companion to her mother, Mrs. Cornelius, and the loveliness of Mrs Whitney, whose match makes her so much disussed that she fices from Newport as soon as her foot touches it from her father's

There is a deal of beauing and belleing at Newport this year, and away upon the trim yachts slip many a couple for a day's cooling under the not very watchful eye of the chaperon. Bouquets fly around freely and costly likle souvenirs are purchased secretly. So it is not unlikely that the broken hearts are being patched with Flora's gifts, and that the sun and sea of Newport will prove a healing balm to many.

BARRY GERMAINE.

ing with the rest.

Hetty Green farms it

month in the year. She goes out early

hat to visit the great vineyard, of which there are 30,000 acres-many square

miles-and she tooks after the picking per-

could not walk on these occasions, is a

quick-stepping Shetland pony, and her

vehicle the smallest village cart that is

who understands the vineyards and the

Mrs. Stanford has invented a system of

vine-picking that is better than that of the

vineyards of France. She has a map of her

Vina grape section, and this she sub-

divides into small territories, each one

of which has two supervisors. One of

these patrols the vine paths to be sure

that the pickers are picking the vines clean and carefully, and the other makes

a record of the baskets brought in and the

In this way the account of each picker

and the amount produced by each section

is accurately kept, as well as a note of

Whenever there is a poor yield reported

from a section the vines thereabouts are

carefully enriched, new ones set out

and the poor spot brought into equal bear-

condition of the fruit and its quantity.

built. She is accompanied by some of

work, and who explains it all to her

Her steed, for of course she

n the morning in simple gown and shade

for every drop of spare grape juice and has made arrangements to make much wine herself. The diamond money will enable this lady farmer to purchase wine present and to establish in California the finest and largest wine distillery ever owned and carried on by a woman. By way of the healthfulness of this outdoor occupation for women it may be told that never before has she enjoyed such health, aithough she now works early in the vineyards and late over books, while accustomed to doing nothing but caress her blooded dogs and accept the homage of her university students HETTY GREEN MAKES MONEY.

Soil for Gain.

a Vineyard.

There is much talk about the selling

of Mrs. Leland Stanford's diamonds for

the benefit of the Leland Samford, jr.

University, but those who have known

Mrs. Stauford well the last two years

are not surprised. She has needed money.

not only for the university but for Vina,

MRS. STANFORD GOES INTO IT.

stocks, and it was the ideal Arendian

home. Now that the stocks are in liti-

gation and unproductive, Vina has been

turned, as many another fine country

home might be, into a means of support-

can make money as a lady farmer, and she

sees that many things must be bought in order to get the highest moteyed returns

Stanford there on a "visit."

her visits are so frequent that Vina is

and in California this means narry every

A visitor to the great Vina ranch finds

Stanford has discovered that she

Vina and Vina's interests.

'rabing things."

People are beginning to understand Hetty Green better than they did. As the richest woman in America and the poorest dresses woman in the world, as the woman without any home in a city over which her mortrages



Mrs. T. C. Platt and her orange grove assistant.

always has twenty lawsuits on her hands she has been criticised often enough. But Hetty Green has turbed farmer and people are beginning to say that perhaps she wasn't understood before. Up in Vermont there is a very beautiful

country place, long the property of the Green family, and here Mrs. Hetty goes every summer, with her husband and her daughter. She is there now, and were you to meet her any day walking along the road with a pail of berries, or coming in from the gardens with a basket of toma oes, you would judge her to be the happy

wife of a well-to-do farmer. 'I'm here," says the wealthy Mrs. Hetty because folks can't find me out without coming a long way. I'm here for my hus band's rheumatism, and I'm here because my daughter isn't strong, and, more than ill, I'm here for the reason that I'm a born farmer, and I love to work the ground and raise crops. I've raised every hing we've had on the table for a month even to the meat. You may doubt the ment part of my farming, but it is true We live on chickens and ducks and turkeys and eggs; and for variety we had a very nice spring calf, the son of a fine red cow I bought up here a year ago. I am not here all the time, because I've other in-terests. But some day I am going to live here, and then I will astonish all the farmers in the big crops I will get and be money I will make off this little If I hadn't had a fortune in real estate in town left to me you may be sure I'd never been driven from Eden to the iolsy city-either for comfort or to make

Hetty Green's farming gown was not ade by Worth, though it is tidy and coming to her. It could easily have been bought with one day's laying of eggs, but, as Mrs. Green truthfully says, it is part of the making of money in the country to be able to save it in clothes.

The story of how Mrs. T. C. Platt, wife of the politician and texpress magnate sighed for farming and bought a grove in Florida for raising oranges is one of the prettiest in the annals of women farming And it is well desurating of its sequel Friends of Mrs. Platt tell how ably she succeeds with the oranges. She has designed an improved case for packing oranges which gives ventilinian, yet warmth, so that none freeze coming North, and she also sorts them before shipping. There are first. ond and third class oranges, besides lot of small, imperfect ones for the penny oranges at the stands, and also a few very fine selected ones.

The selected ones go to a great hotel which pays her unusual rates for them, and the others go to a firm of grocers who have it is said, a contract of several years for them. Marmalade is soon to be made of the smaller and source of the oranges, and plans are in progress for expanding the

Not the least noteworthy is the pleasure which the mistress gets out of her enter prise. Each winter she takes a party of friends South and gives them the run o low, long wooden shanty on the plantation while she attends to the business affairs of the grove. She picks oranges, helps in the packing; makes arrangements for shipping and notifies her patrons when they can ex-Mrs. Stanford is going to make her pect their shipments. She is the only woman money upon light wines. She has contracted fruit grower who is sharp enough in the

susiness of transportation to get her prodacts through promptly. Her oranges are de livered at the door within a week of being taken from the trees, while the ordinary orange of commerce loiters on its way for

The mushroom farm of Mrs. A. M. Palmer, wife of the theatrical manager, and herself president of the famous Profes-sional Woman's League, is one of the best paying agricultural affairs ever managed by a woman. It took much capital, as Mrs. Paimer sent a man to Europe to study mashroom culture before building her hot iouses. She raises many thousand bushel



Mrs. Stanford as a grape-grower. year, and, like the otherlady agriculturists. has all her produce engaged years in ad-vance at fancy rates. Her mushrooms profiled are dreams of gastronomic bliss in

a certain wealthy New York clab.

There is a titled American woman, Lady Frances Cook (Tennie Cjaffin), who raises cork from a grove of cork trees in Spain. But nearer home are other women farmers who raise more easily grown things and with the greatest possible success. The idea of agriculture for women is not a bad me, however considered. For the woman d strunken means, like Mrs. Leland Sinnford, it is a heari-cure as well as a purse-replenisher, and for the tired-out society voman'it possesses a charm even greater than the comfortable balance sheet of the farm ledger would warrant.

ANOTHER ONE ABOUT TEDDY. Illustration of the Way He Has

Coached the New York Police. The old man had been away doing the

continent and had just returned, as was evident from the foreign "stickers" on the bag he carried. He was evidently in a harry, too, for be came around the corner with a rush that carried him full tilt into the broad expanse of a roundsman coming the other way.

"Gosh! Whoop! Beg pardon-" the old man began. "Excuse me! Carelessness itself, I'm sure. I bope—"
The respiendent cap was lifted politely

and the officer courteously interrupted pretty hot, and I guess my hearing isn't what it used to be. But that hat certainly went up! And he didn't even hunch me-not a hunch! Do I look like Byrnes? Something's wrong!"

A policeman stood mopping his face on the corner and the old man approached im with the air of one in painful doubt, 'He can't do any more than run me in!' s said to himself, "and if I've got a sunstroke I may as well find it out "Very warm day," he observed, casual-

FEAST OF THE BLOSSOMS

Lenox Preparing for the Annual Flower Parade.

SARATOGA'S BATTLE OF BLOOMS

Showy Turnouts and Pretty Women Make a Brilliant Spectacle.

Passing through the country now one might imagine one's self stopping at the different stations of France, that home f flowers and bulbs, so many are the blos oms that are being collected in the gar dens, and so mysterious the preparations for the great floral festivals of the year.

The Saratoga limite of flowers comes off ow, and the floral parades, floral fetes, floral drives and floral shows of other places are on their way to completion. The annual Lenox flower parade is well progressed, as far as the decorations of vagons and floats are concerned, and the Long Island, Long Branch and coast proessions are being planned, and floral talk

To have a battle of flowers is not a difficult thing. You must first get the flowers. That is the most. The Samtoga people began their parade only a year ago, and their method was simple and thorough. They rented a large hillside lot and this they subdivided into little plots. Each childin the public schools was given one lot and each Sunday-school scholar a lot, and any one who wanted an extra one could get one by paying 25 cents for the season. By the last of August the hillside was ablaze with flowers. This gave the millions flowers and the owners of gardens had them anyway. That Is the shortest and pleasantest way to inaugurate a floral fete in a own that has never had one. The floral festival at Lemox is a beautiful

thing. Each cottager of that aristocratic place agrees to decorate all the carriages in his stables and to bring out all his horses. and the result is as goodly a showing as though there were 10,000 inhabitants instead of a tenth of that number

A BEAUTIFUL LEADER.

The leader of the Lenox procession is always a young and beautiful girl. Miss Sloane drave the leading turnout one year. She was dressed as a Turkish wo man, with white flowers sewed upon a veil that covered her face to the eyes. She rode in a small village cart entirely covered with flowers, even to the spokes of wheels, and overhead there hong from oral framework a great floral parasol. her side ran a Turkish attendant sed in golden rod and carrying a great iden rod spectre, with which he lashed try-makers who came hear enough to the carriage wheels to tear off the flowers.

At the Lenox parade this year there is be a buchelor turnout. This bachelor the has succeeded in cluding summer capture will drive a large red express cart filled with hay. The spokes of the wheels will be hay and the pole of the Wagon one great hay wisp. Upon the horse's head there will be tied an old straw hat and the bachelor himself will bedressed as a bay seed," with faded bay-colored trousers, and hay upon the brim of a very dilapi dated straw but. In the wagon will be the farm hands-other gay young bache-

When it comes to the battle of flowers. hat revelry which in Paris is worth a trip ever the ocean, and to the Bois de Bouogne to see, the straw riders will try to transform their hay cart into a flower One of their plans, though it is him. "Don't mention it, sir. I beg your pardon sincerely, It was my own fault." it. Back will come be utiful bouquets. The old man's jaw fell as he slink pelting them hard and quick, but the away as though in sudden alarm, as the thrower will discover a minute later that flowers fly quicker and faster, and no body notices the deception until sud-denly there drives along a very beautifully decorated express wagon in place of the old straw load. There has been a transformation. This is one of the pardonable frauds of the battle of flowers.

The New Orleans people, who do every oughly for the fun at their Marti Gras fets. They arrange two lines of carriages, pass ing and repassing each other, and thus make more sport in the flower war. A favorite trick is to provide the coachnan with a great silk bug, in which he sits. The bag is open to the feet and into it fall all the

along wide Broadway and up Union aven One of the features will be a number of pony phaetons, driven by pretty girls with little grooms alongside. Each phaeton will be trimmed with a different flower. One will be all covered with sumach fronds, another trimmed with lilles, another with violets, another with wild roses, and so on until ten flowers are represented. The driver heaeff will be hidden in flowers, with only her face peeping out from a hood of flowers. The whip will be twisted with green vines, and to the lash will be tied a flower. These girls will represent "The Passing of Sumer," and all the flowers will come regular succession, from the violet of spring

o the summeh of autumn.

The Bols de Boulogne, whose annual flower fete is the most revelrous thing of Paris, is transformed for a time into a flower garden instead of a park. The Bois de Boulogne (Wood of Bulgne) is a park, covering more ground than any park in America, and through the center runs a very beautiful, broad avenue, which on fere day is lined with booths. These have flowers for sale, and when the ammunition in the carriages gives out the men in livery, the students, and the merry-makers jump from the carriages, and, throwing down pieces of money, grab up handfuls of flowers and hasten to catch up with their curriages, which all the time must keep moving

THE MYSTERIOUS SENORITAL

One of the premiest features of this annual parade is a lovely Spanish girl. She may be French, but her eyes are a tritle too languorous, too melting, for French suppliese. This senoritz rides in a coach that is one deep red rose. It is first overed with a wire framework, which turn is covered every inch with rows. The girl is doesed in a gown all covered with the blood-red flowers. At her fees stands a resebush as high as the driver's seat. The bush is phenomenally cov-vered with roses, each tief with a white seat ribbon. To each student or cavalier who throws her a becques she throws back a red rose, to which she has first pressed a kiss. Swinging the ribbon as far as she can, she flings the rose with unerring aim and it lands in the lap of the one who has thrown the bouquet. Who the senerita may be, whither she comes, or whence she goes, none knows. But if you wish to ee her, you must be at the Bois at fets

There is an Americans woman who always goes to Paris for this flower parade And she keeps a great book of French coppings describing her naiveness, her beauty, her chie ways, and her brilliancy on this occasion. She rides in an American buckboard, as long a one as she can find n Paris, and on the buckboard there is set a great hemper of flowers. The hamper is like a backet with open lids and the flowers peop out. The lady hereif is wrapped in American flags, and at let feet is an open baskes, to which she transfers the flowers that are thrown to her. At each few yards of the roote she rises shakes out her flags, and empiles the bas-ket upon the heads of the hystanders, who n return pelt her with roses. She thinks the American flag, with roses for stors, which blankets her Borse, the pretinct part of the turnout, unless it be the little flags of red and white and blue flowers at the horse's curs.

If you happen at any of the flower feto-towns this week and chance to see workers busy in rose gardens, snipping off thorns with starp knives and turning buds to the light, you need not ask what they are doing, for you will know that they are geting ready for the march of flowers of pext

ANECDOTES FROM ABROAD.

It is not generally known that Worth swed his first introduction to Empress Eugenie to Mme. Octave Feuillet, then as now one of the most charming women in Paris. Femiliet, then at the beginning of her great career, had just won the heart of the empress by writing for her private theatricals "Le Portraits de la Marquise," in cruel to tell beforehand, is to hold up a which her royal patron took the principal part, but which was so cleverly constructed that none of the other characters were allowed the slightest liberties with the officer, with a profound bow, passed on. she has exchanged her bouquet ammunition for a banch of straw. But the prossion is moving along all the time, the | Eugenie complimented her apon her go and asked the name of the dressmaker.

Your majesty, it is a man-an Englishman. His name is Worth, and he has only been in Paris a little while," replied Mme Femillet.

He knows how to design a woman's dress," said the empress critically, "you nust send him here."
So the lilac dress of the playwright's wife

ade the fortune of Worth There is a story of an English curate,

who, having been instituted in his new office, went about the parish to make acquaintance with his congregation. One day, says the Argonaut, he called upon an honest farmer, who asked him how he liked Devonshire. "Oh, I like it exceed-



flowers into the carriage, and the occupant has flowers for ammunition just-as here have given out.

The New Jersey parade is a little more formal. But the carriages are exquisitely trimmed. One young woman is planning a victoria now as "The Palace of Victoria." The victoria is being upholstered with white paper muslin, inside and out. The muslin is drawn lightly over the cushions of the carringe, and is fastened with long stitches The side of the carriage is being covered with

In the parade the pretty girl and the two pretty attendants will ride in the carriage the pretty girl as Flora. Flora willlean back Perchardt pillow of flowers, with her feet hidden by plak roses. The pillow will be yellow. A lap-robe of red roses and two baskets of rose petals will lie over her knees. She will be dressed in blue. Her attendants will sit upon the broad floor of the victoria, with their feet upon the capacions steps. In their laps will be big baskets of rose petals. These they will shower upon the bystanders. To the front of the carriage pole will hang a big basket of rose petals, out of which the colored petals will fly as the pole jogs along. Safe to say that the horses will be well-trained ones,

not to mind this jostling of fragmace. The Saratoga parade this year will be | it isn't that. Our host has a club-foot."

ingly," said the curate; "but I find it rather muddy. I notice, however," he continued, pointing to the farmer's boot, which had a prodigiously thick role, "that you take a very sensible precaution to keep out of the wet." "Well, you see, Mr. S -- ," said the farmer,

"I have a club foot."

The curate, who was the shyest and most mitive of men, fied from the house, so much was be grieved over the unintentional cracity of his speech. James Payn rays he always considered this story very haorous, and once toldit in his "best manner" at a large dioner party in a house where he had never dired before. During the narration he received a violent kick under the table from his next neighbor, but supposing it to be accidental, went on talking, The tale was received in total ellence, and it was cometime before general conversation was resumed. "That was a very amusing story," whispered his neighbor. Mr. Payn was a little indignant at the want of appreciation shown by the others, and rejoined quickly: "But exceedingly stupid

ly, in a tone that was meant to be uncon cerped, but which to the close observer would have betrayed a hideous fear. The officer did not seem to notice it

The old man staggered back against a amp-post, "Mad!" he murmured, "mad as a March hare! Oh, why did they let

The officer gazed searchingly at the old man. He noted his pitiful agitation and he winked softly to himself. "No, thank vou. I never drink, Mr. Rooseveit,"

But the old man did not hear the name The final shock of the negation was too much for his shattered nerves. He had fallen a lifeless heap, upon the pavement .-Post Wheeler in Truth.

HOW TO TAKE OUT STAINS. Ammonia, Chloride of Lime and Cam

ished table are removed by rubbing spot with spirits of camphor.

phor All of Use.

Ammonia, always useful to the house keeper, has especial advantages in the nummer time by its power of removing emon stains. A housekeeper, who has learned this simple household fact by experience, suggests that a little pamphlet be prepared, to instruct all housekeepers in the different methods of removing stains. Many simple means are not widely known. For removing the stains of strawberries and other fruits from damask, bot water is often sufficient. Deep stains may be removed by a solution of chloride of lime. White stains from hot dishes upon a pol